

THE MARYVILLE TIMES.

May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press, the mightiest agency on earth for good.—TALMAGE.

VOL. 2. NO. 30.

MARYVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1885.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

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PAY DOWN

And we will sell you Goods at prices that **DEFY COMPETITION** from Houses who sell on credit.

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Models for inventors a specialty. All communications confidential.

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JOHN F. VanHORNE,

Maryville, Tenn.

24-1yr

AT ANCHOR MILLS.

THAT BOY.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Or history is wrong;
I often wondered why he stood,
Instead of sitting down.

The boy stood on the railway track,
And heard the engine's squalor;
And then the engineer got down
And scraped him from the wheels.

The boy stood on the kitchen floor
And held his father's gun;
And pieces of his mortal frame
Are sticking to the sun.

The boy stood by his father's desk
And wrote a little poem;
He took it to an editor—
One-half of him got home.

THE LEAGUE GAME.

A Hot Day, Heavy Bating, and A Close Game.

The first game of baseball between our two city league clubs was played in College Park last Friday afternoon. The weather was extremely sultry, not even a zephyr stirring.

The Roughs, a club composed of a portion of the legal fraternity, etc., was individually and collectively present. The Fines, the boys' club, had three men missing, which was probably a misfortune. Substitutes were called in and the game was commenced at 2:30. From the beginning a marked rivalry was noticeable between the two clubs, and the determination to beat or be beaten seemed to characterize each player.

The Fines did some fine playing during the first three innings, but afterward seemed to grow lukewarm, notwithstanding the sun was doing his best to avoid such a state of affairs. The Roughs then added score after score, until the game seemed as one-sided as a one-sided battle. The boys by a series of errors succeeded in controlling the last inning. The score was thus changed and at the close of the seventh inning the result of the game was announced as follows: Roughs 19, Fines 14.

NOTES.

"How's that?"—Arbeely.

The arnica bottle was in great demand.

The Roughs did some heavy bating(?)

Joe Burger had a finger badly bruised while catching in right field.

The best playing was done by Will Clemens, making a home run on one strike.

Sheriff Edmondson received more practice than all the rest put together—in running.

Will Houk, of Knoxville, served the Fines as catcher and proved a valuable accession.

The changes in men made by the Roughs were more than the changes of officers made by Cleveland.

The Roughs will organize as a permanent club and will doubtless send an order for blue stockings and knee pants—red.

G. S. W. McCampbell did some good playing in center field, and convinced all present that he is at home in catching flies (dead).

The Fines are composed of the right kind of material for a good club. All they need is practice. Ditto the Roughs. (This is not a joke.)

We heard a countryman the other day saying that he could eat 24 goose eggs in thirty minutes, but it depends all together on the size of the eggs. If they are as large as the goose eggs made by members of these two clubs, it would be a great feat to eat one in thirty days.

To School Directors.

Hereafter you will please make out all your orders on the Trustee on the regular blanks furnished for that purpose. If you have not a supply call on either the Trustee or myself and you can be supplied.

No orders will be paid after this date unless made out on such forms.

A. M. Gamble,
County Supt.

'Tis beautiful weather indeed.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

The Squire and the White Calf.

On the eve of the 14th of July quite a romantic wedding occurred in one of the 11th district.

While everything had been kept secret it was very evident that something unusual was about to transpire in the near future, as the boy who had gained the confidence of the contracting parties were standing round in fence corners whispering to each other and looking very pleasant, with a noticeable degree of uneasiness now and then flashing across their eager faces.

Before the sun sank behind the western horizon it seemed as if it wanted to hang near enough to see a grand sight that was yet unknown to the majority.

The clouds looked as if they knew something that they would not tell, and there was a look of melancholy upon the whole universe on the broad field of nature there was a strange look as if it were under obligations to keep something that it wanted to tell.

Time developed the fact that Jerry Hutchens and Miss Sallie Senter were about to be united in matrimony. In accordance with the above Andy Wrinkle was speedily dispatched to procure the necessary license, and some two or three boys were sent to "steal the gal"—a thing easily accomplished with the assistance of John Graves, who owns a controlling interest in a water-craft—something indispensable in this case as the river was to cross.

Finally Andy returned, but it was after the patience of Hughs and George Kiser was exhausted.

By this time the boys had succeeded in "stealing the gal," and the anxious ones proceeded upon their journey toward Squire Chandler's, as that was where they aimed to meet.

But before arriving at their destination, by some unknown cause, the "old man" was informed as to what was about to happen and immediately started in pursuit, managing to get into the road ahead of them, and then the fun began.

The aforesaid anxious ones took the back track and sent a message to Squire Chandler to meet them at the grove of woods south of his residence. Upon receiving the message he lighted his lantern and started. Knowing that the "old man" was—it matters not where—the Squire chanced to see a white calf, extinguished his light, fled to the nearest cornfield, and by a circuitous route, joined the anxious crowd in the grove and at once proceeded to tie the knot by asking Sal if she loved Jerry, and Jerry if he loved Sal. Upon receiving a direct answer from both parties, he pronounced them "One," and the crowd dispersed.

KNIGHT HAWK.

Program of The Blount County Teachers' Institute.

The Blount County Teachers' Institute will be held at the Baptist Church, in Tuckaleechee, on Saturday, August 8th, commencing at 9 a. m. The following is the program:

- 1.—Arithmetic—Best method of teaching. W. M. Nichols.
- 2.—Geography. J. T. Keller.
- 3.—Physiology and Hygiene in our common schools. J. W. Duggan.
- 4.—What should teachers read and what not read? J. B. J. Bricey.
- 5.—Grammar. W. B. Tipton.
- 6.—Geology. Geo. Robbins.
- 7.—Question Box.

Teachers who are teaching at a distance from an Institute may dismiss their schools for a time sufficient to get into the neighborhood the evening before; and this being part of his regular work he must not suffer any loss of compensation in consequence of dismissing his school.

It is hoped that there will be a grand turn out at this Institute. Everybody is invited.

As to entertainment Tuckaleechee has not yet been outdone.

A. M. Gamble,
County Supt.

OUR WESTERN LETTER.

Graham, Nodaway Co., Mo. FRIENDS IN BLOUNT:

I am well, and hope you are. I would give a nickel if you could call in and spend an hour with me this morning, and take a view of the panorama presented. I have not language to convey to your minds a picture of the surroundings.

Imagine the hills and mountains surrounding you to be leveled down for a distance of thirty miles in every direction, meeting in the dim horizon, with not a mountain in sight, and this space dotted with white farm houses and red-painted barns, gleaming in the sunlight as far as the eye can reach; with orchards, groves, timothy and clover pastures, with hundreds of fat Durham cattle grazing upon them, or ruminating in the shade; with Poland-China hogs too numerous to mention, of all sizes from the pig to the porker weighing four or five hundred pounds, feeding on the grass, basking in the sunshine, or wallowing in the mire.

Wherever you turn your eyes you see the mower, drawn by two fat, sleek horses, with a sunburnt boy perched upon the machine, cutting down the rich grass that will make from two to three tons of hay per acre, and which grows everywhere here. In another part of the field with the horse-rake, and another sun-burnt boy perched upon it, raking it into wind-rows, men and boys following with forks, piling it into hay cocks or loading it on the large wagons, hurrying to the large barns and lifted by machinery to the loft. They will give you man one-half for cutting and putting on the other half, and acres of it will never be cut at all. My nephew will commence cutting down a thirty acre meadow on Monday, on shares, which will make two or three tons of timothy and clover hay to the acre.

Spring wheat and rye are fine, though not a great deal sown. They don't sow much fall wheat here; the high winds blow this loose easily from around the roots in the dry spring weather and kill it. Oats grow finely, but not a great deal sown; apples do well, most of the peach trees were killed by the cold last winter; gooseberries grow wild; hazelnuts in great abundance; all kinds of garden vegetables grow finely, with but little labor.

The health of this country can't be surpassed. By digging wells twenty or thirty feet deep they get good, clear, cold water anywhere on the prairie. The soil is as black as where a coal-pit has been burnt in that country, and I haven't seen a foot of poor land since I reached Kansas on my way here. The soil varies from two to six feet deep.

Where timber grows in the country, it is small and stunted, owing to the looseness and richness of the soil, roots having a tendency to grow straight down when they meet with no obstructions to prevent it. Trees never blow up by the roots here. It is said there is one-third as much stem of the tree below the surface as above it.

What shall I say of corn, for corn is the crop of this country. I suppose I feel like the profane man did who was hauling a load of pumpkins to market. When he reached the top of a long, steep hill, the hind-gate of his wagon came off, and his pumpkins went rolling back down the hill. His boy being astonished at his silence said, "Dad, why don't you cuss?" He said, "I can't begin to do the subject justice," and turned away sorrowfully.

Corn to the right of you, corn to the left of you, corn to the front of you, volleys and thunders. Hundreds and hundreds of acres for hundreds of square miles, of a deep green, and standing very thick in the rows, which are three feet apart. One boy with two horses can easily tend forty acres. They neither hoe nor thin it, but plow, with a cultivator drawn by two horses, plowing a row with four

furrows every time they cross the field.

If the season continue as it has been corn will average fifty bushels per acre. Land that has been butchered in corn for thirty consecutive years will make from thirty to forty bushels per acre. The mode of cultivation is peculiar to prairie lands, and is as follows:

They have a plow called a *lister*, made like a shovel plow but five times as big, with three horses hitched abreast, they throw out a furrow; then, three feet from that they throw out another, the earth meeting halfway, forms a high ridge, or list, with a deep furrow between. A drill, with one horse, plants the corn, and covers it up in the bottom of the trench. By the time the corn is four or five inches high, weeds, of a dozen varieties, cover the whole ground. Then with the cultivator, which is simply two double shovels fixed to a carriage, like the tongue and forewheels of a wagon; the iron axle-bowling up, so it will pass over corn waist high without breaking it. These plows can be set so as to throw as little or as much dirt down in the trench as they wish. Between these plows they tie a box, about three feet long, made of two pieces of plank about eight inches wide, with edges nailed together, and which grows everywhere here. In another part of the field with the horse-rake, and another sun-burnt boy perched upon it, raking it into wind-rows, men and boys following with forks, piling it into hay cocks or loading it on the large wagons, hurrying to the large barns and lifted by machinery to the loft. They will give you man one-half for cutting and putting on the other half, and acres of it will never be cut at all. My nephew will commence cutting down a thirty acre meadow on Monday, on shares, which will make two or three tons of timothy and clover hay to the acre.

The next time they set the plows so as to throw in plenty of dirt, and as it falls against both sides of the corn at the same time, it keeps it straight, and covers it within an inch or so of the top, while the weeds and grass are buried out of sight. The third time the plows are set so as to heap the earth high up and leave it perfectly clean. The advantages of this kind of cultivation are the following: 1.—The great amount of corn they can tend. 2.—The depth of the roots in the ground, enabling it to stand drought much better. 3.—To keep it from blowing down; there being at least a foot of the stalk under ground. 4.—The corn does not wither when plowed in dry, hot weather. 5.—It enables them to destroy the weeds and grass, which of a wet season would be impossible on the eastern plan of farming. It excites the sympathy of a Tennesseean to witness the rough handling they give the young corn. They do everything by horse-power, so it is not as laborious here as there.

T. J. POPE.

Death of John E. Toole.

John E. Toole, son of Col. Jas. M. Toole and brother to Robert P. Toole, of the Herald, died at the residence of his father, corner Wood and Preston streets at 1:30 p. m. yesterday, after a lingering illness of typhoid fever, in the 22d year of his life. The deceased was a young man of excellent qualities of heart and head and was generally liked by all who knew him. The Times extends sympathies to the bereaved family. The funeral will take place from the First Presbyterian church at 4:30 p. m. The friends and acquaintances of the family are invited to be present.—Dallas (Tex.) Weekly Times.

The deceased was also a brother to our fellow-townsmen, Geo. A. Toole.

A fine milch cow with calf for sale, fresh, gentle and about six years old. Call on or address: PLEASANT HILL, Corn Postoffice.

Last week was the hottest day of the year.